

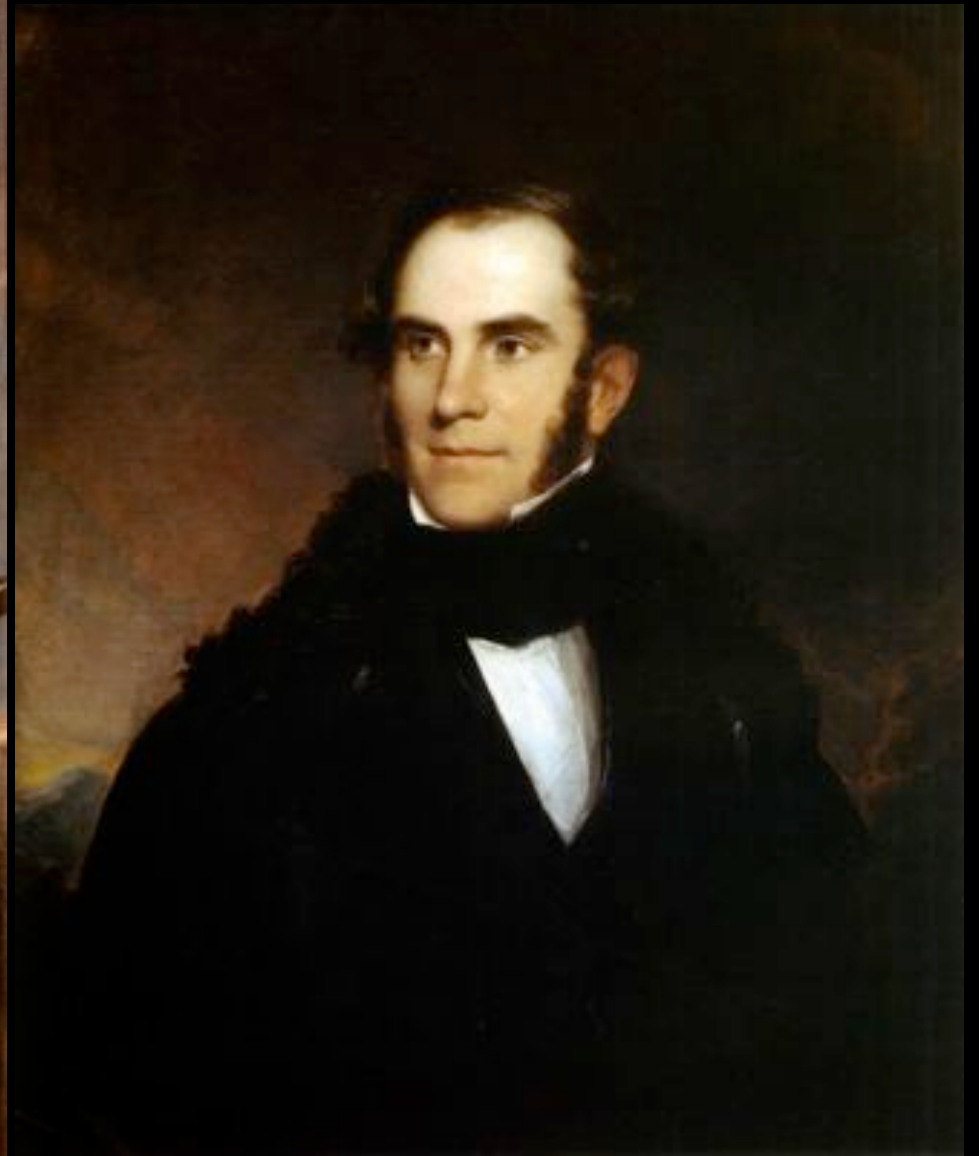
The background of the slide is a Romantic-style landscape painting. It depicts a wide, winding river flowing through a lush, green valley. In the foreground on the left, a large, gnarled tree with dense foliage stands prominently. The middle ground shows the river meandering through fields and forests. In the background, rolling hills and mountains are visible under a soft, hazy sky. The overall mood is one of natural grandeur and beauty.

Nature Transcribed and Transfigured in American Art

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John Syme *Portrait of John James Audubon* 1826
35 x 27"
(1785-1851)



Asher B. Durand *Portrait of Thomas Cole*
c1837 30 x 25"
(1801-1848)



Alexander Wilson *Roseate Spoonbill and American Avocet* *American Ornithology* v7 pl 63 1813

Thomas Doughty *Landscape with Curving River* 1823



L:Audubon RedWinged Blackbird 1810 pastel
 R:Wilson Mississippi Kite American Ornithology 1811
“Nature must be seen first alive, and well-studied before attempts are made at representing it.”---Audubon



**Audubon *Mississippi Kite* hand
colored engraving *Double Elephant*
*Folio Birds of America 1827-38***



Audubon Blue Jays wc





Birds of America Plate 102 Robert Havell engraver; were hand colored





American Flamingo

Phoenicopterus ruber, LINN.

(PLATE 53)

ON THE 7th of May 1832, while sailing from Indian Key, one of the numerous islets that skirt the south-eastern coast of the Peninsula of Florida, I for the first time saw a flock of Flamingoes. It was on the afternoon of one of those sultry days which, in that portion of the country, exhibit towards evening the most glorious effulgence that can be conceived. The sun, now far advanced toward the horizon, still shone with full splendour, the ocean around glittered in its quiet beauty, and the light fleecy clouds that here and there spotted the heavens, seemed flakes of snow margined with gold. Our bark was propelled almost as if by magic, for scarcely was a ripple raised by her bows as we moved in silence. Far away to seaward we spied a flock of Flamingoes advancing in "Indian line," with well-spread wings, outstretched necks, and long legs directed backwards. Ah! Reader, could you but know the emotions that then agitated my breast! I thought I had now reached the height of all my expectations, for my voyage to the Floridas was undertaken in a great measure for the purpose of studying these lovely birds in their own beautiful islands. I followed them with my eyes, watching as it were every beat of their wings; and as they were rapidly advancing towards us, Captain DAY, who was aware of my anxiety to procure some, had every man stowed away out of sight and our gunners in readiness. The pilot, Mr EGAN, proposed to offer the first taste of his "groceries" to the leader of the band. As I have more than once told you, he was a first-rate shot, and had already killed many Flamingoes. The birds were now, as I thought, within a hundred and fifty yards; when suddenly, to our extreme disappointment, their chief veered away, and was of course followed by the rest. Mr

Ornithological Biography, or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America; Accompanied by Descriptions of the Objects Represented in the Work entitled The Birds of America, and Interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners 1839



**Audubon American Flamingo 1838 wc ,
gouache 33 x 24"**



Audubon Frigate Pelican





Wild Turkey Plate 1 in Birds of America

Golden Eagle Birds of America



Audubon Golden Eagle wc pastel graphite
1833



*VIEW FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE, NORTHAMPTON MASS AFTER A THUNDERSTORM—
THE OXBOW 1836 51 X 76"*







Fig. 140. PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE OXBOW ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, AS SEEN FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE, 1833. Pencil on paper, 8⁷/₈ by 27¹/₂ inches. Detroit Institute of Arts; Founders Society Purchase, William H. Murphy Fund. 39.566.66 and 39.566.67.



**THOMAS COLE *VIEW FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE, NORTHAMPTON
MASS AFTER A THUNDERSTORM—THE OXBOW* 1836 51 X 76”**



Landscape with Tree Trunks 1828 26 x 32"

*I sigh not for a stormless clime
Where drowsy quiet ever dwells,
...For storms bring beauty in their train,
The hills that roar'd beneath the blast
The woods that welter'd in the rain
Rejoice whenever the tempest's past
...So storms of ills when pass'd away
Leave in our souls serene delight;
The blackness of the stormy day,
Doth make the welcome calm more bright --
--Thomas Cole, 1835*

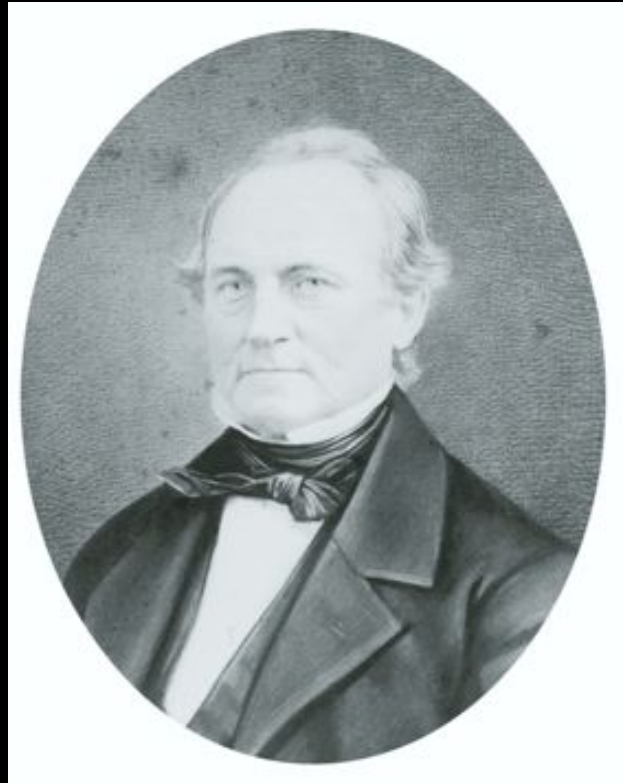


Expulsion from Garden of Eden 1827-28





Charles N. Talbot





Thomas Cole The Course of Empire: Savage State, Aracadia, Consummation, Destruction, Desolation for Luman Reed's parlor in New York City, 1834-36







“We did not so much seem to be seeing from the crag of vision a new scene on the old familiar globe as a new heaven and a new earth into which the creative spirit had just been breathed. I hesitate now, as I did then, at the attempt to give my vision utterance. Never were words so beggared for an abridged translation of any scripture of nature.” –

Fitz Ludlow from Inspiration Point, Yosemite

Albert Bierstadt
(1830-1902; German born)
Looking Down Yosemite Valley, California, 1865.
 Oil on canvas. 64 1/2 x 96 1/2 in.





Looking Down Yosemite Valley , 1868 30 x 64"

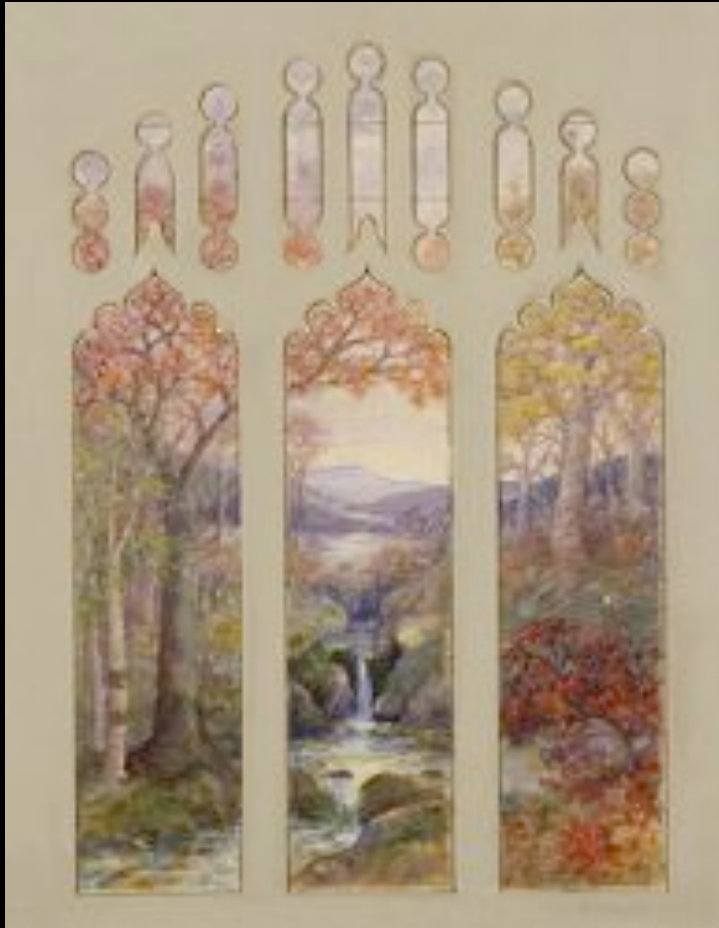


***“What? Have we come to
the end of all things? Can
this be the opening of the
7th Seal?”***

*Sunset In The Yosemite Valley 1868
36 1/4X 52 1/4"*

Revelation 22:1

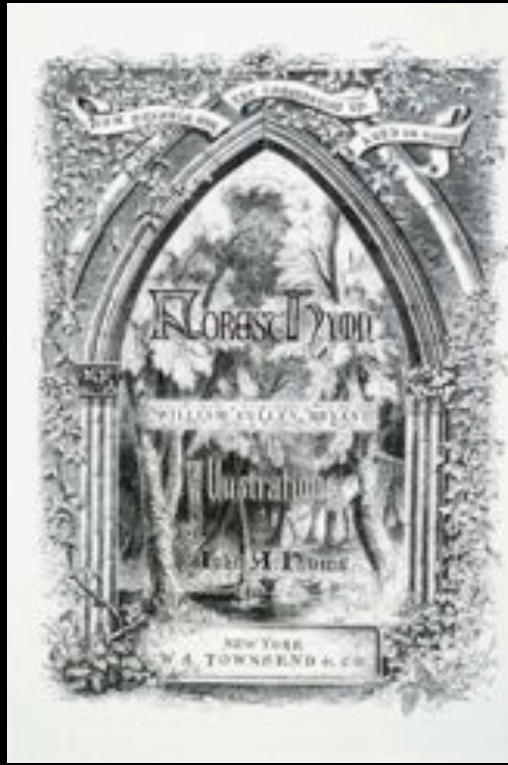
And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.



Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933) *Autumn Landscape—The River of Life*, 1923-24 for real estate magnate Loren Delbert Towle for Gothic Revival mansion in Boston, died before installed in his home.



Asher B. Durand Kindred
Spirits 1849 in Memorial to
Thomas Cole given to William
Cullen Bryant



A Forest Hymn
by William Cullen Bryant
1825

*THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,---ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty*

